LITERATURE

THE MENTOR

HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL

May, 1921

WOMAN *by* TAGORE

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The Fire Alarm Sounds!

A HUGE machine is set in motion. Telephones ring, automobiles scurry from fire houses, followed by lumbering apparatus. Sirens shriek, bells clang, traffic stops and the street is cleared. Black smoke pours from the building. Flames roar upward. Ladders are raised. The first hose throws a powerful stream through the charred window. Police rope off the danger zone. Ambulances take their stations to receive the injured.

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The June Mentor will show you the making of the American newspaper. The gravure section illustrates every step of the process, from the time the news event happens until the finished product is in the hands of the reader. The photographs were made especially for The Mentor in the plants of the biggest New York papers. Graphic word pictures of the romantic figures that have stood forth in the development of the American newspaper have been written for this number by men that were closely associated with them.

GEORGE CREEL, the man that "sold" America to the world during the war, one of the biggest newspaper jobs of all time, will tell you about "The Press—The Greatest Power In The Land."

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EDWARD W. BOK, for many years editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, writes on "The Greatest Word In The English Language."

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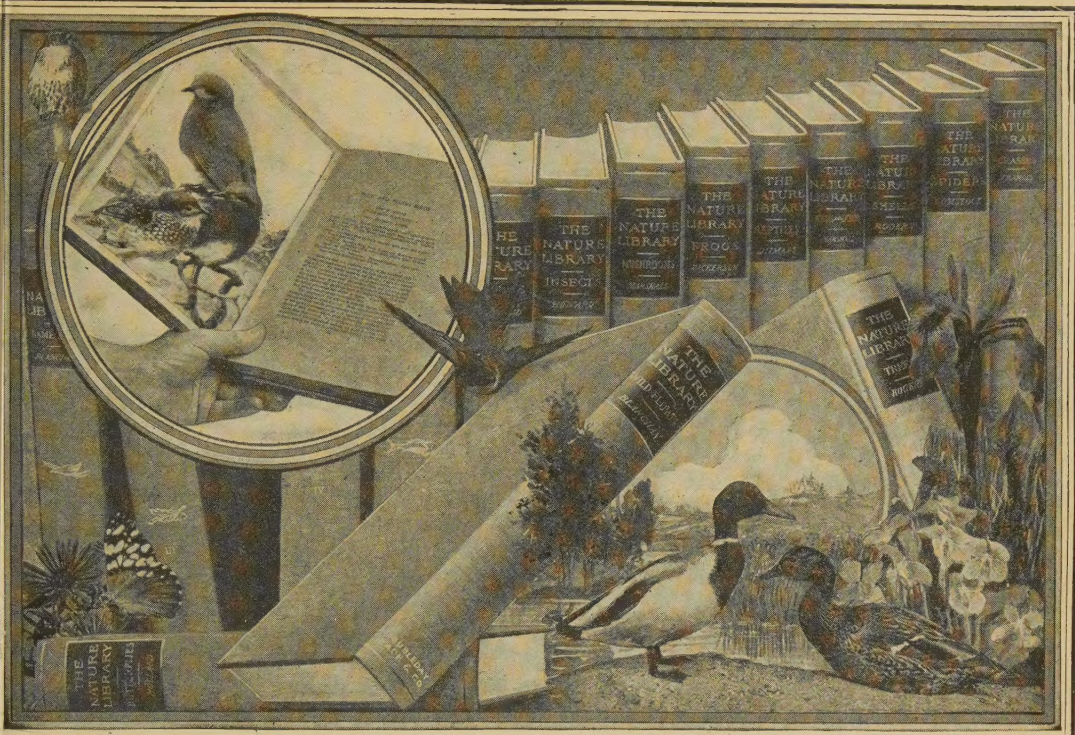
Other articles on "The Author and His Earnings," "The Riddle of Salisbury Plain," "Enter, O'Neill Second" and "An Insect That Combs Its Hair."



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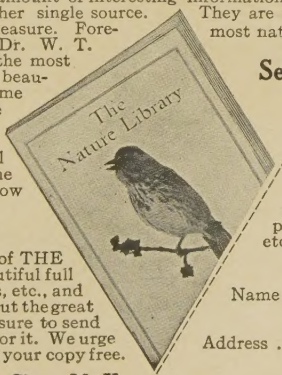

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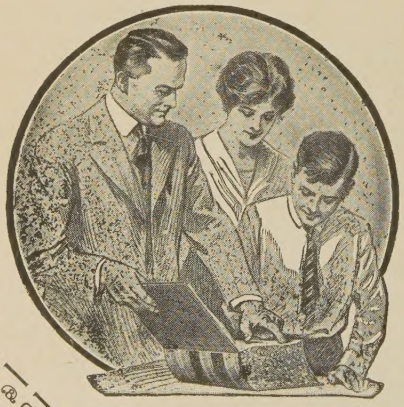
THE MENTOR

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Mentor, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee W. Maxwell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Mentor, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Crowell Publishing Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, W. D. Moffat, 114-116 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Guy P. Jones, 114-116 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.; General Business Manager, Lee W. Maxwell, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock) The Crowell Publishing Company, a Delaware Corporation, New York, N. Y.; American Lithographic Co., New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings & Profit Sharing Pension Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Joseph F. Knapp, Trustee, New York, N. Y.; Joseph P. Knapp, New York, N. Y.; Antoinette K. Milliken, New York, N. Y.; Lucien Oudin and Henry G. Schackno, Trustees for Louis Ettlinger, New York, N. Y.; John S. Phillips, New York, N. Y.; Henry K. Pomroy and H. Arthur Pomroy (both residents of New York City, N. Y.); and A. H. Lockett (a resident of Englewood, New Jersey), partners doing business under the name of Pomroy Bros.; Post Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; J. Walter Thompson, New York, N. Y. Samuel Untermeyer, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation from whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (5) That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.) Lee W. Maxwell, General Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1921. Mary B. Lambkin, notary public, New York County. New York Register No. 9035. My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

Have you mastered these new words?



vitamine	Bolsheviki	escadrille	ace	Taube
Freudian	camouflage	fourth arm	tank	Boche
Rotarian	ukulele	Soviet	lorry	brisance

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A FARMER BRINGING WOOD TO TOWN: KOREA

Photo by Roy C. Andrews

FOLLOW MY LEAD

WOMAN

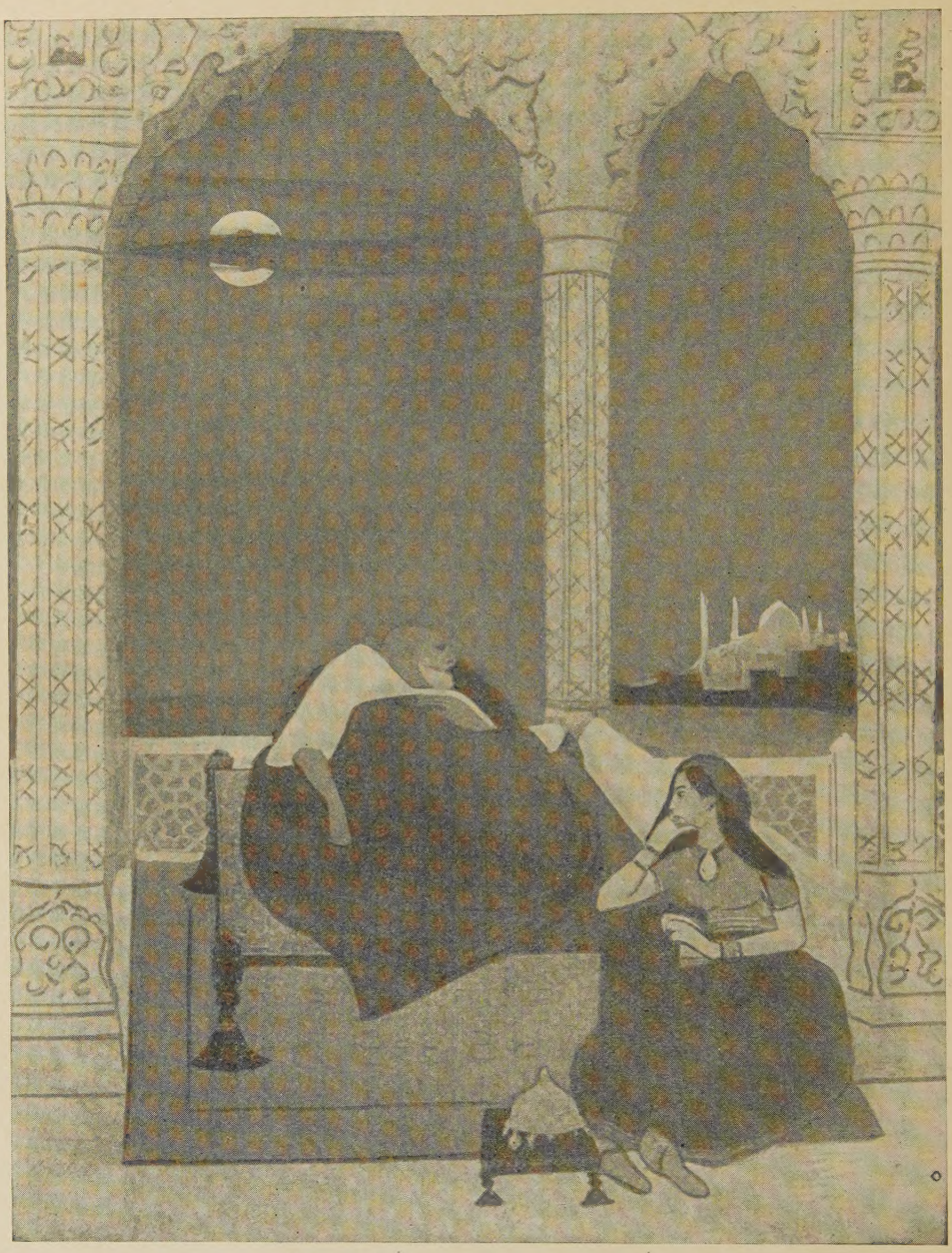
Poem composed for The Mentor by Dr. Tagore

The Fight is ended;
Cries of losses bewilder the air;
The gains, soiled and shattered, are a burden too heavy to carry home.
Come, Woman, bring thy breath of life!
Close all cracks with kisses of tender green,
Nurse the trampled dust into fruitfulness.

The morning wears on,
The stranger sits homeless by the roadside playing on his reed.
Come, Woman, bring thy magic of love!
Make infinite the corner between walls;
There to build a world for him;
Thine eyes its stars;
Thy voice its music.

The gate door creaks in the wind.
The time is for leave-taking,
At the day's end.
Come, Woman, bring thy tears!
Let the tremulous touch of thy hand call out its last lyric,
From the moment of parting;
Let the shadow of thy sad gaze haunt the road across the hills.

Rabindranath Tagore



"THE PASSING OF SHAH JEHAN"

In his last moments, Shah Jehan, builder of the Taj Mahal, asked to be carried to the porch of his palace that he might take a farewell look at the beautiful tomb of his beloved wife, Taj-Bibi Mumtaz-i-Mahal

Reproduced from a painting by Abanindranath Tagore, nephew of the poet Tagore

LIBRARY EXTENSION COMMISSION

THE MENTOR

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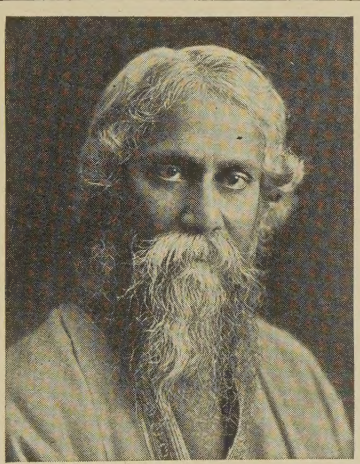
WOMAN

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

CREATIVE expressions attain their perfectness through emotions modulated. Woman has at expression nat- ral to her, the dence of restraint in r behavior, produc- g poetry of life. This is been an inspira- on to man, guiding, ost often uncon- iously, his restless nergy into an im- ense variety of crea- ons in literature, art, usic and religion. his is why in India oman has been de- ribed as the sym- lism of Sakti, the Creative Power. But if woman begins to believe, d to behave accordingly, that, ough, biologically, her function is fferent from that of man, psycho- gically she is one with him; if the man world in its mentality becomes exclusively male, then before long it will be reduced to utter insanity. For life finds its truth and beauty not in any exaggeration of sameness, but in harmony.



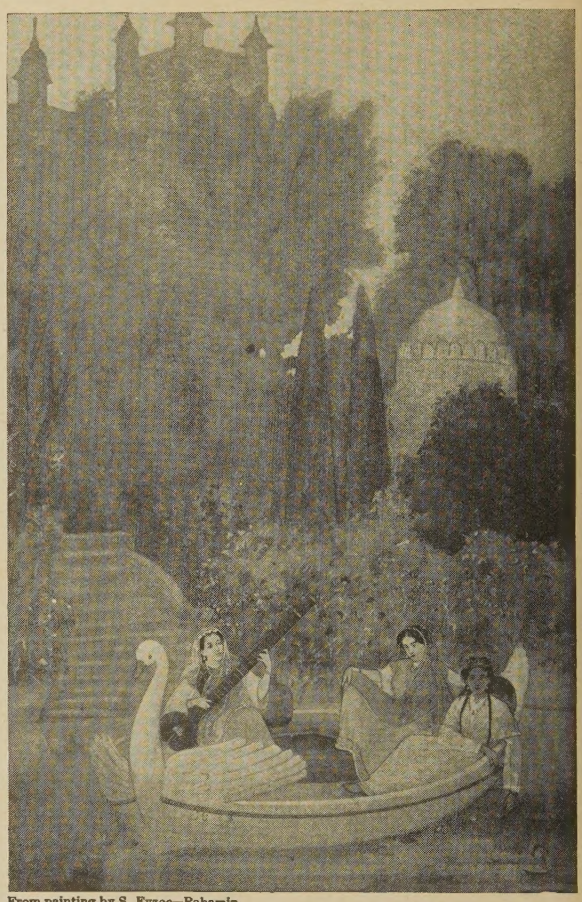
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

It would only give rise to a monotonous superfluity if women's nature were identical with men's, if Eve were a mere tautology of Adam. But that she was not so was proved by the banishment she secured from a ready-made paradise. She had the instinctive wisdom to realize that it was her mission to help her mate in creating a paradise of their own on the earth, whose ideal she was to supply with her life, and whose materials were to be produced and gathered by her comrade.

However, it is evident that an

increasing number of women in the West are ready to assert that their difference from men is unimportant. The reason for the vehement utterance of such a paradox cannot be ignored. It is the rebellion against a necessity which is not an equal necessity for both the partners.

Love in all forms has its obligations and the love that binds women to their children binds them to their home. But necessity is a tyrant making us submit to injury and indignity, allowing advantage over us to those who are wholly or comparatively free from its burden. This has been the case in the social relationship between man and woman. Along with the difference inherent in their respective natures, there have grown up between them inequalities fostered by circumstances. Man is not handicapped by the same biological and psychological responsibilities as woman and therefore he has the liberty to give her the security of home. This liberty exacts payment when it offers its boon, because to give it or to withhold it is within its power. Such unequal freedom in their mutual relationship has made the weight of life's tragedies painfully heavy upon woman.



From painting by S. Fyzee—Rahamin

THE BEGUM OF JANJIRA, IN HER SWAN BOAT

Some mitigation of her disadvantage has been effected by her rendering herself and her home a luxury to man. She has accentuated those qualities in herself which insidiously impose their bondage over her mate, some by pandering to his weakness, and some by satisfying his higher nature, till the sex-consciousness in our society has become overpowering in its abnormality. There could be no objection to it in itself, for it is the greatest stimulus acting in the depth of life and results in exuberance of creativeness. But a great deal of it is a forced growth of compulsion bearing seeds of degradation. In those ages when men acknowledged spiritual perfection to be their object, women were denounced as the chief obstacle in their way. The constant and conscious exercise of

From painting by S. Fyzee—Rahamin

THE VALE OF KASHMIR

llurements, which gave them their ower, attacked the weak spots in ıan's nature, and by doing so deepıed and widened its weakness. For ll relationships tainted with repres-ion of freedom must become sources f degeneracy and danger to the trong, who imposes them.

However, balance of power between ıan and woman was, to a certain ıeasure, established when home ielded strong enough attractions to ıake men accept its obligations. ut at last the time has come when ıe material ambition of man has asımed such a colossal proportion that home is in danger of losing its center of gravity for him, and he is receding further and further from its orbit.

From the beginning of our society, women have naturally accepted the training which imparts to their life and to their home a spirit of harmony. It is their instinct to perform their services in such a manner that these, through beauty, might be raised from the domain of slavery to the realm of grace. The women have tried to prove that in the building up of social life they are artists and not artisans. But all expressions of beauty lose their truth when compelled to accept the patronage of the gross and the indifferent. Therefore, when necessity drives women to fashion their life to the taste of the insensitive or the sensual, then the whole thing becomes a tragedy of desecration. Society is full of such tragedies. A great part of the laws and social regulations guiding relationship of man and woman are relics of a barbaric age when the brutal pride of an exclusiveness of possession had its predominance in human relations, such as those of parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants, teachers and disciples. The vulgarity of it still persists in the social bond between sexes because of the economic helplessness of woman. Nothing makes us so stupidly mean as the sense of superiority which power of purse confers upon us.

From painting by S. Fyzee—Rahamin

NAUTCH DANCE AT THE COURT OF GAEKWAR OF BARODA

The power of muscle or of money has opportunities of immediate satisfaction, but the power of an ideal must have infinite patience. The man who sells his things or fulfils his contract is cheated if he fails to realize payment, but he who gives form to some ideal may never get his dues and yet be paid. What I have felt in the women of India is the consciousness of this ideal, their simple faith in the sanctity of devotion lighted by love which is held to be divine. The true womanliness is considered in our country as saintliness of love. It is not merely praised there but literally worshiped; and she who is gifted with it is called *Devi*, as one revealing in herself Woman the Divine. That this has not been

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HIGH-CASTE CALCUTTA WOMEN

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A CALCUTTA BATHING RESORT—THE KALI GHAT

The picture is typical of any Indian ghat, or bathing place. Bathing is a most important function in the life of India, not as a matter of hygiene or diversion, but as a religious duty. At Benares, the most favored place for entering the sacred Ganges River, the water teems with thousands of pilgrims who come daily to wash away their sins.

a mere metaphor to us is because in India our mind is familiar with the idea of God in his eternal feminine aspect. Thus the Eastern woman who is deeply aware in her heart of the sacredness of her mission is a constant education to men. It has to be admitted that there are chances of such influence failing to penetrate the callousness of the coarse. But that is the destiny of all revelation of the perfect whose value is not in success or reward in honor.

SREEMATI SWARNA KOOMARI DEVI. THE SISTER OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE, WELL KNOWN HINDU AUTHOR

Women have to be ready to suffer. She cannot allow her emotions to be dulled or polluted, for these are to create her life's atmosphere, but for which her world would be dark and dead. This leaves her heart without any protection of insensibility, at the mercy of hurts and insults of life. Women of India, like women everywhere, have their share of suffering. But it radiates through an ideal, and becomes, like sunlight, a creative force in their world. Our women know by heart the legends of the great women of the epic age,—Savitri who, by her power of love, conquered death, and Sita who had no other reward for her life of sacrifice but the sacred majesty of sorrow. They know that it is their daily duty to make this life an image of the eternal life, and that love's mission truly performed has a spiritual meaning. It is a religious responsibility for them fully to live the life which is their own. For their activity is not for money-making, or organizing power or intellectually probing the mystery of existence, but for establishing and maintaining human relationships requiring highest moral qualities. It is the consciousness of the spiritual character of their life's work which lifts them above the utilitarian standard of the immediate and the passing, surrounds them with a dignity of the eternal, and transmutes their suffering and sorrow into a crown of light.

I must guard myself from the risk of a possible misunderstanding. The permanent significance of home is not in the narrowness of its enclosure, which is non-essential, but in an eternal moral idea. It represents the truth of human relationship, loyalty and love for the personality of man.

With the discovery and development of agriculture there came a

STUDENTS IN SCHOOL AT GURUKUL, HARIDWAR, INDIA

this school boys go — sometimes from distant homes — for a period of ten to fifteen years, and they receive here a thorough course of instruction under strict and rigorous scholastic discipline

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S MODEL SCHOOL AT BOLPUR, INDIA

. Tagore may be seen seated — indicated by a cross on the left sleeve. His son stands in the back row, next to end at the left

period of settled life in our history. The nomad ever moved on with his tents and cattle, he explored space and exploited its contents. The cultivator of land explored time in its immensity, for he had leisure. Comparatively secured from the uncertainty of his outer resources he had the opportunity to deal with his moral resources in the realm of human truth. This is why agricultural civilization, like that of India and China, is essentially a civilization of human relationship, of adjustment of mutual obligations. It is deep-rooted in the inner life of man and its basis is co-operation and not competition. In other words, its principle is the principle of home to which all its outer adventures are subordinated.

Copyright, International From a painting by the English artist, J. C. Ayers

A KASHMIR BEAUTY

In the meantime the nomadic life with its predatory instinct of exploitation has developed into a great civilization. It is immensely proud and strong, killing leisure and hunting for opportunities. It minimizes the claims of personal relationship and is jealously careful of its unhampered freedom for acquiring wealth and asserting its will over others. Its burden is the burden of things, which grows heavier and more complex every day, disregarding the human and the spiritual. Its powerful pressure from all sides narrows the limits of home, the personal region of the human world. Thus women are every day hustled out from their shelter for the want of accommodation.

But this can never have the effect of changing woman into man. On the contrary, it will lead her to find her place in the unlimited range of society, and the Guardian Spirit of the personal man will extend her ministry over all developments of life. Habituated to deal with the world as a machine, man is multiplying his materials and banishing away his happiness, sacrificing love to comfort which is an illusion. At last the present age has sent its cry to woman, asking her to come out from her segregation, to restore the spiritual supremacy of all that is human in the world of humanity. She has been aroused to remember that womanliness is not chiefly decorative, but it is like vital health which not only imparts beauty's bloom to the body but joy to the mind and perfection to life.

PICTURESQUE INDIA

WITH DESCRIPTIVE CAPTIONS
By BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

BEGUM ATIYA FYZEE-RAHAMIN OF BOMBAY

Wife of the artist, and a leading feminist of India. She was the first Mohammedan woman of education and aristocratic family to come out of seclusion. Once she was even stoned by her co-religionists in the streets of Lucknow, but now she is admired and respected all over India. She is an authority on Hindu music. She has written a charming book on the subject, profusely illustrated by her husband

Photo by V. Cella

"THE HIMALAYAS, FLUSHED WITH THE MORNING GOLD" — KIPLING

The Himalayas (the Home of Snow), the highest mountains in the world. The loftiest peak, Mount Everest, is 29,002 feet high. No human being has yet reached the top of the Himalayas. The hills, and the dales and the passes of this majestic mountain are associated with a thousand and one historic and mythological legends of the Hindusthanees.

ON THE RIVER JHELUM IN ENCHANTED KASHMIR

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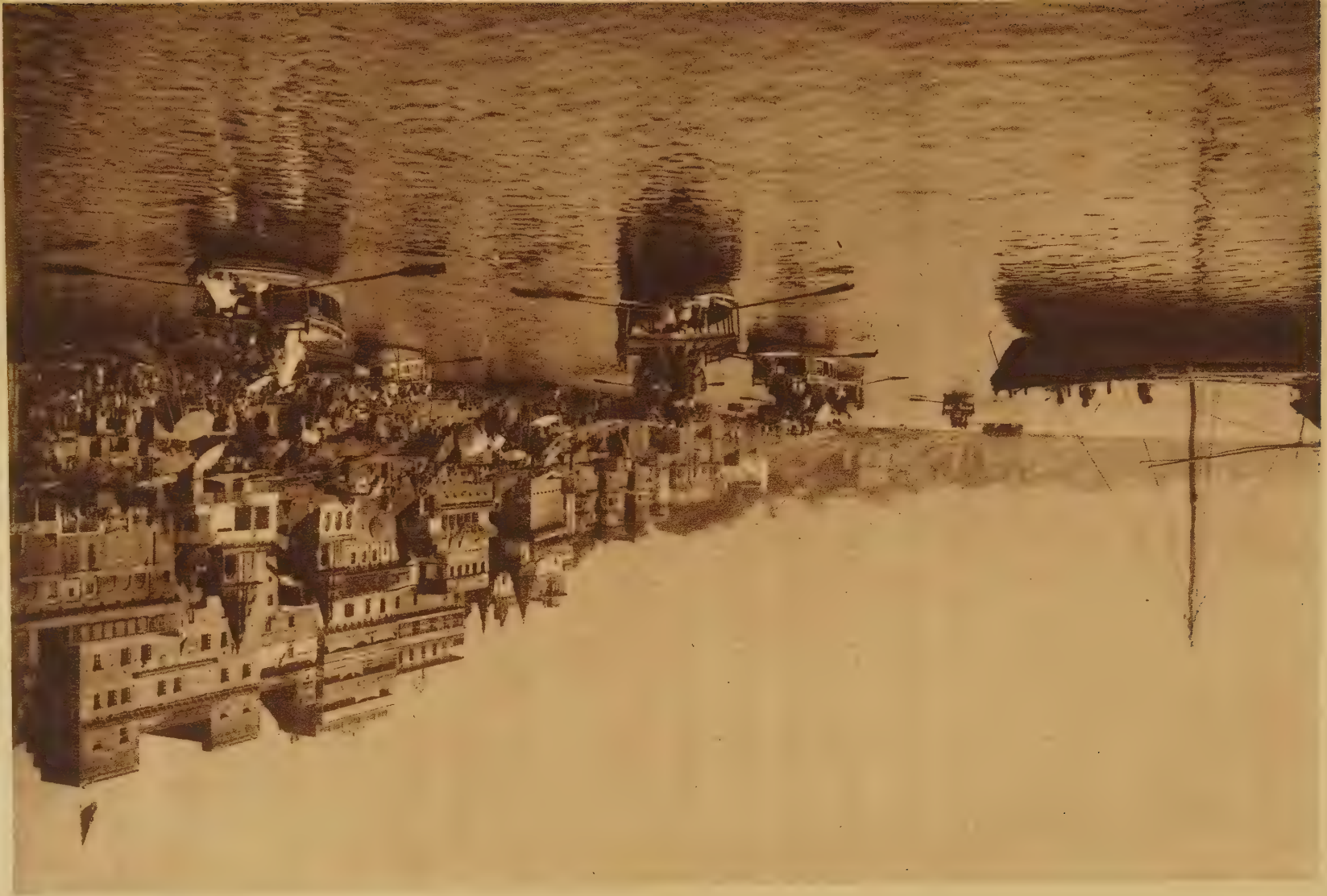
THE GREAT BANYAN TREE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS OF CALCUTTA

This is the largest banyan tree in the world. It is said that an army can easily rest under its sheltering branches. The main trunk is about 60 feet in circumference. Hundreds of air roots descend from its branches to the ground.



CATCHING ELEPHANTS ALIVE

Copyright Keystone View Co.

One of the most exciting of sports in the jungles of India, that teem with almost endless varieties of animals, birds and reptiles. When first caught, the elephants

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THE STATE CHARIOT OF A HINDU PRINCE

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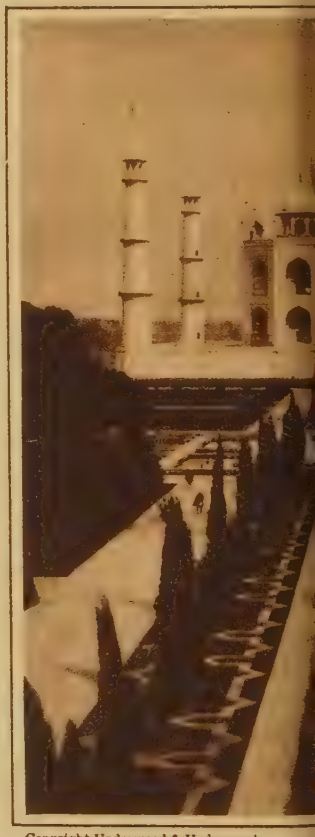
After a Picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



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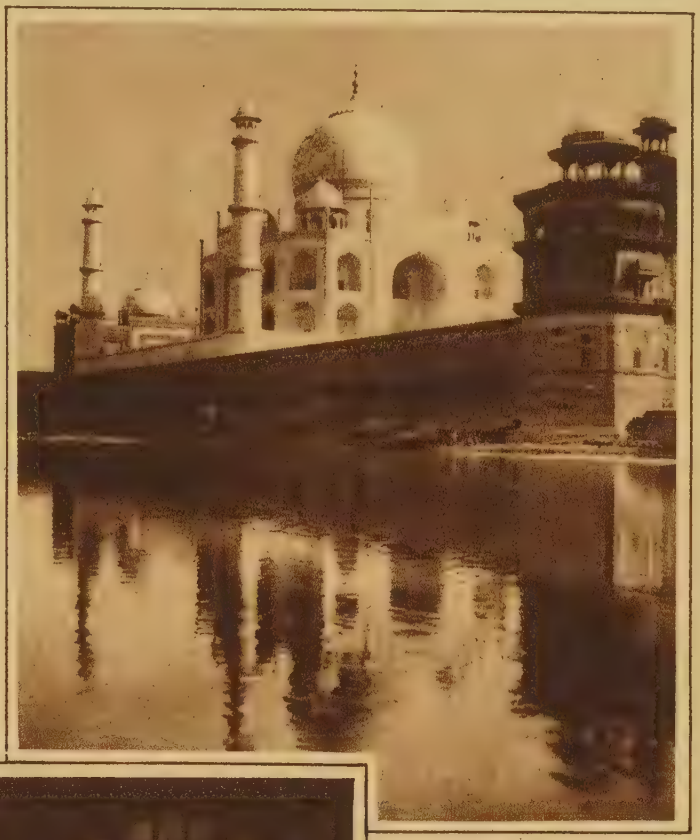
The Taj-Mahal, the most beautiful tomb in the world and one of its architectural marvels, was built by the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, to house the body of his beloved wife, Taj Bibi, Mumtaz-i-Mahal. Twenty thousand workmen toiled twenty-two years to complete it. A "dream in marble, designed by Titans and finished by jewelers" it appears from every viewpoint. The first picture in the upper row shows the Taj from

HE LOVED HER SO HE MADE ARCHITECTURAL



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the Jumna River; the second, a marble screen typical of the interior; the third, another up-river view showing the size of the building. The first picture in the lower row is a reproduction of an Indian painting of Shah Jehan; the second, a general view of the Taj and its black and white marble approaches; the third, a glimpse of the approach seen through the exquisite tracery of an entrance in the front of the building.

OMB THE MOST EXQUISITE
THE WORLD

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THE GAEKWAR'S CANNON OF GOLD

In the grounds of the magnificent palace of His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda there are two cannons of solid gold weighing 280 pounds each. On state occasions they are carried on

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THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR

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THE BADRI-DAS PALACE IN CALCUTTA

This is the home of the builder of the Jain temple in Calcutta; and it is one of the most beautiful mansions in the "City of palaces." Badri-Das made his money by selling jewels. He built

Copyright Publishers Photo Service

THE JAIN TEMPLE IN CALCUTTA

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THE PEARL MOSQUE AT DELHI

The Indian name for this mosque is Moti Masjid. It has been called "the daintiest little building in all India, a veritable pearl price." The arches are Saracenic, and the domes are among the most artistic in all the world. It was built in 1635 by Aurangz the son of the builder of the Taj Mahal.

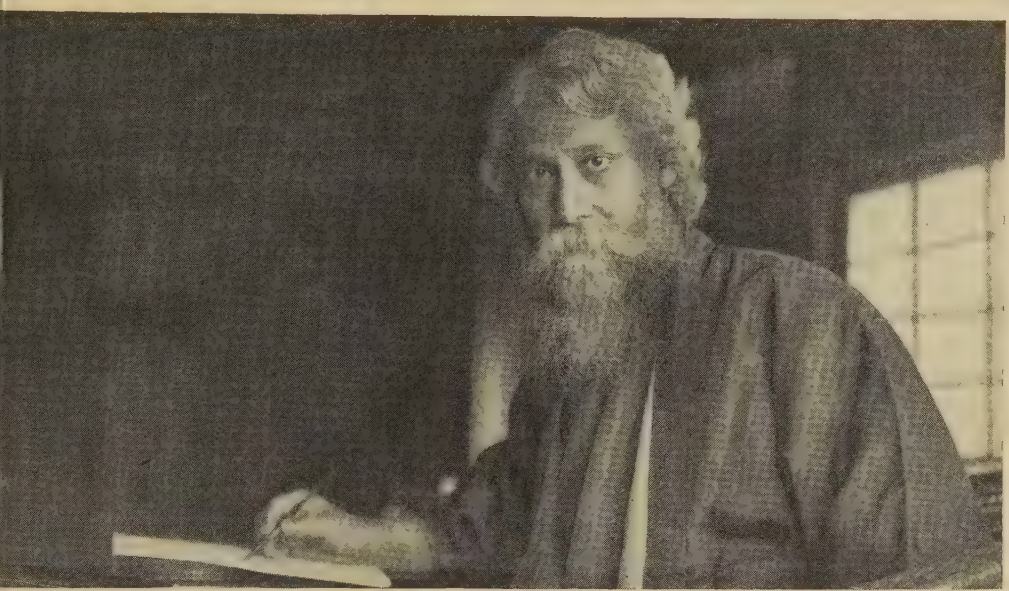
Publishers Photo Service **THE FAMOUS MARBLE SCREEN IN SHAH JEHAN'S PUBLIC HALL OF AUDIENCE AT DELHI**

Architects and art critics agree that this marble screen that separates the harem from the hall of public audience is perhaps the most perfect piece of work of this kind in existence. And it decorates a building which in design and artistic decorations is one of the best of Shah Jehan's architectural dream structures.

PRATIMA TAGORE

The wife of Rabindranath Tagore's only son Rathindranath. She is a practical social reformer; and also a painter of numerous water colors of exquisite beauty and rare elegance.

TAGORE WAS THE FAMILY FAILURE



TAGORE — FROM A PICTURE TAKEN WHEN THE POET WAS IN JAPAN

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, "the most influential man in the Orient," was once considered by his brothers ıd sisters as the only intellectual failure his family.

When a boy, he ran away from school. e refused to return. He told his father at schools were "prison houses."

Tagore's "playing hookey" did not result disastrously as his father, the Maharshi Great Sage) Debendranath Tagore, feared. or the great sage took his truant son to the imalaya Mountains. There they lived ıd studied among the soaring, snow-cov-ed peaks. The boy wandered by forest ıd stream and it was there that the seeds poetic influence, which had manifested emselves when he was a child of four, be-n to germinate.

The young Tagore refused absolutely to turn to school. In desperation his family nt him to London to study law. There was more interested in the law of meter an that of Blackstone. He wrote love rics. So fiery were his first verses, Hindu uritans were up in arms. Most of these ve been weeded out of his published works. Tagore is known best as a poet of love. is creed is found in this passage from the *Upanishads*, the early sacred writings of the Hindus: "From love the world is born, by love it is sustained, toward love it moves, and into love it enters." His best known poems are on woman, the child, the motherland, nature and the infinite, the "being, intelligence and bliss" of the Hindus.

Tagore's devotional songs are sung mostly by a Hindu sect that his father led. But Tagore's patriotic and love songs are the property of the people at large. Indian patriots sing them in the prisons and on the gallows.

In western countries, Tagore's poetry is most popular with women. His dramatic personality, his so-called mysticism, in which most women glimpse reflections of their own spiritual cravings, are mainly responsible for this vogue. In a civilization where man's energies are devoted to winning a living in a fiercely competitive world, woman is allotted the task of making the home and mothering his children. Having the same inherent energy as man and having been forced for generations to confine it to one field of human activity, the home, women give eager recognition to poetry that mirrors their unrest and aspirations. Those that do not entirely under-

ABANINDRANATH TAGORE
Nephew of the poet, and India's greatest living painter

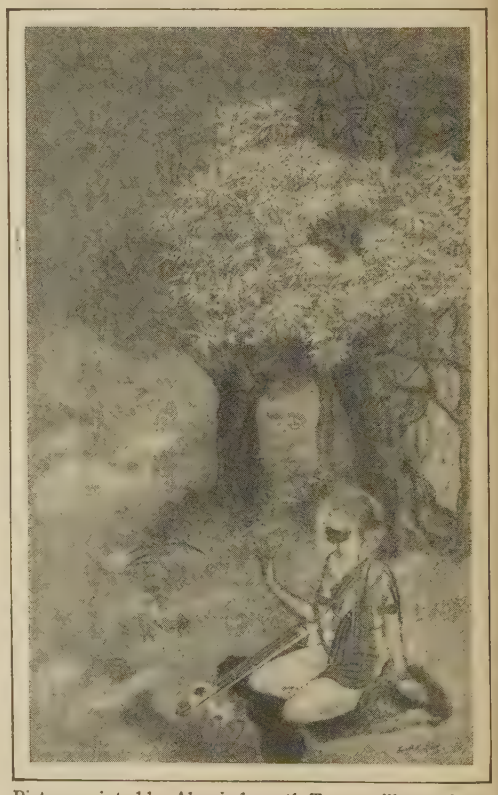
stand Tagore's writings seem to feel intuitively the poet's sympathy with their spiritual revolt against the commonplaceness of the life that civilization has made for them. To the average man, whose scheme of things demands devotion of his entire activity, outside of the home, to "getting up in the world"—a struggle so intense that he has had little or no time even to acquire sufficient understanding to know what the poet is talking about—Tagore is frankly incomprehensible.

Tagore is "mystical" only to those that do not take the trouble to understand his writings. The thoughts he projects are simple enough, but, to a person ignorant of the religions, history and folklore of India, or, for that matter, the world, his writings are either apparently heavy with hidden meanings or unintelligible. The current western idea that there is but one way to happiness—"getting up in the world"—also makes it difficult for western men, and very often western women, to understand a poet to whom this practical philosophy is as incomprehensible as his eastern philosophy is to them. Moreover, Tagore's writings are so exalted in expression and poetic in feeling that readers limited to the literalness of work-a-day language and ideas have neither the equipment nor patience to understand him.

For fifteen years Tagore has devoted virtually all of his time and money to the maintenance of a model school which he founded at Bolpur. Two hundred students attend this school. Remembering his own school days, he has made the pupils' freedom the first consideration at Bolpur.

The school has been so successful that Tagore is organizing a world university where students may come, as they did in the ancient days, to study India's history, literature, arts and philosophy.

Rabi Babu, as Tagore is known in his own country, is not the only famous man that his family has given to India. His nephew, Abanindranath Tagore, is its foremost painter, and some of the most eminent poets and painters, dramatists and philosophers, musicians and reformers of India have borne that family name. But Rabindranath Tagore is more than the greatest living poet in India; he is a world figure; he was awarded the $40,000 Nobel Prize for literature, and his writings have been translated into virtually every living language.



Picture painted by Abanindranath Tagore, illustrating a romantic poem by the great Hindu poet Kalidasa. It pictures the King Taksha in exile.

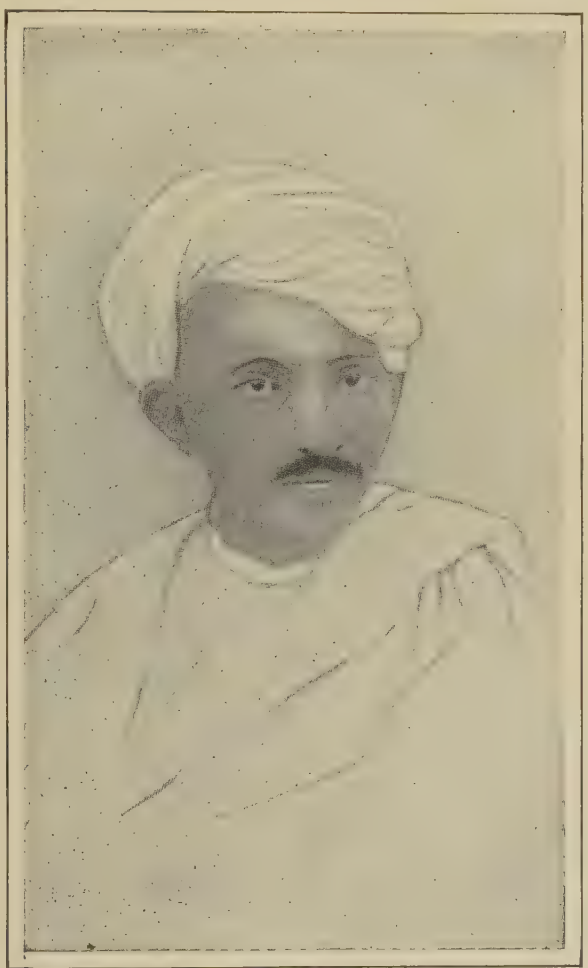
RULES MILLIONS—LIVES LIKE WORKER

THE man whose word sways millions in a country where earthly power is traditionally associated with gorgeous thing, priceless vels, pomp and remony, weighs 0 pounds and es and dresses e the poorest rkman in the nd. He is Mondas Karamand Gandhi, n of the former ime minister to e Maharaja of ajkot, leader of e East Indian ovement for tional independence.

Gandhi has en called the lstoy of India. e was a friend of e famous Russn novelist, the nilarity of their liefs having awn them toether when andhi was a ung man fighting for the betterent of conditions East Indians in uth Africa.

Gandhi had oney and gave away. He actised law and ve it up because hurt his conscience. He dresses like workman and eats only fruit and rice. Strangely enough, India's greatest fighter a worker for peace and peace is his most ective weapon against the British.

When India was placed under virtual rtial law by the Rowlatt Act in 1919, a result of the agitation for freedom, ndhi ordered a general strike throught the land. Vigorous measures were ken by the government to break the ike, culminating in trouble at Amritsar ere 500 natives were killed and 1500 injured when fired on while demonstrating. Rifles, bombs, machine guns and airplanes were used against the strikers.



MAHATMA MOHANDAS, KARAMCHAND GANDHI
India's pacifist-revolutionist

Gandhi then organized the "non-cooperation" movement, a boycott of all things British in India. The people were called upon to return titles and awards of honor, Indian lawyers to cease practise in government courts and to settle all legal disputes by private arbitration; to refuse to participate in government loans; to boycott public schools; to refuse to accept civil or military posts in Mesopotamia; to refuse to buy British goods; to resign all police and military posts and to refuse to pay taxes to the British government in any shape or form.

The Indian National Congress has adopted Gandhi's plan as its national duty.

Gandhi's leadership is largely spiritual. He has won the confidence and respect of all classes. The simplicity of his personal life explains his hold. He first put the passive resistance plan into operation as a protest against the way his countrymen were being treated in South Africa. He and his followers went to jail frequently. He advised his followers to desist from violence at any cost, and follows the same tactics in the present movement.

Gandhi is 52 years old. He is editor of "Young India," (English) and the "Nava Yuga," (New Age) in native language.

"CHIPS OF JADE"

FOLK-SAYINGS FROM CHINA AND HINDUSTAN, RHYMED IN ENGLISH

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The Starveling Cat maintains the Firm Belief
That every Well-fed Cat must be a Thief.

How small the Heavens are, the Frog can tell;
He's seen them—from the Bottom of the Well.

Two Friends have I—True Friends, I know;
But which a Deeper Love discloses.
This, brings me Coals in Winter's Snow,
While That, in Summer, brings me Roses.

If Right, though Right without a Flaw
Is ALL you have, don't go to Law.

This One Makes a Net,
That One Stands and wishes;
Would you like to bet
Which One gets the Fishes?

You "Nearly Did It"? That's your loss.
I'll pay you just the Fare
Due him that rowed me half across
The Stream—and left me there.

Little Tasks need Little Force;
Any Fool can make a Fan.
Leagues of Travel prove the Horse,
Years of Service prove the Man.

The Monkey jeers; such odd Mistakes
In Weaving Sticks, the Pigeon makes!
But while the Monkey has his Jest,
The Pigeon learns to Build a Nest.

So Clever a Son of a Clever Man's Daughter
Am I, that an Abler Man fetches my Water.

"EVERY TRUTH HATH A PROPHET TO PROCLAIM IT"

If Prayers of Dogs were heard at all,
What Showers of Bones from Heaven would fall!

The Fool met Fate. "Fair Maiden, say,
Where goest thou?" quoth he.
And Fate replied, "Hold on thy Way,
O Fool, I follow thee!"

Avoid Suspicion: When you're walking through
Your Neighbor's Melon-patch, don't tie your Shoe.

If You suspect him,
Then Reject him;
If you Select him,
Don't Suspect him.

Four Eyes to spy the Faults of Men,
Four Ears to catch all Words of Spite,
Two Tongues to pay them back again—
You'll need at least Eight Hands to fight!

"Who cooked this Rice?"
"Not I!—that Worthless Hound!"
"'Tis very nice."
"Why—yes—I stirred it round!"

Though gentlest Hands re-knit the silken Chain
Of Severed Friendship, still the Knots remain.

Whose Hands are clever, labors all his Days;
Whose Tongue is clever, speaks—the World obeys.

Fair is the Hope of a Distant Day;
Blue are the Hills that are far away.

Who sells Grain is a Merchant. Heed ye, then:
Who hoards Grain is a Murderer of Men.

Extracts by courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers.

HAT WAS SHE DOING WITH HER ARMS?

HE question is still unsolved, although one hundred and one years have elapsed since the simple peasants in the nd of Melos made their dis- ery of this superb antique ue. What an opera-bouffe y the discovery makes! A nch man-of-war stood in the oor of Castro at just the psy- logical moment and the com- nder, on seeing the wonderful ue, rushed to Constantinople n the news. The French bassador there delayed mat- so that, when at last the nch schooner, that had been ailed for the enterprise, ar- d in the harbor they saw a flying the Ottoman flag in road-stead, and, through a scope, the commander saw rkish sailors carrying some- ng white—and very heavy— a litter. Then occurred the ttle of the sands," for a boat- l of French marines were dis- ched as soon as they were in shore. In excitement the Statue was broken and debris was collected with as much care haste as possible, and rushed onto the nch schooner, but, dreadful to relate, y found that the lower part—for the ue was made in pieces—was on the rkish brig. There were only two things do, sink the brig or yield to the more le plan of giving up "*baksheesh*," which a combination of hush money, black- l and simple graft. In that way terms re made. fter the ains were to Paris, left hand found to ntain a nd object, sumably apple. It ld really em as ugh this ht to have tled the stion then d there, but it didn't. The statue has been the subject of discussion in the language of all civilized countries.

VENUS DE MILO

The statue was at first believed to be by Praxiteles until the inscription on the pedestal gave it to an Antioch sculptor named Andros, but the inscription no longer exists, so that evidence is gone. The character of the writing, now lost, would place the work at about 100 B.C.

She has been credited with holding a spear, a shield and pencil, a mirror, two laurel wreaths, a dove as well as an apple, and lastly a plain apple. The last is probably the correct idea; the apple is the prize of beauty. The left hand holding the apple matches the fragment of the statue's arm in scale, material, technique: even the weathering and the dowel-hole in the arm correspond with that in the torso.

M. Jean Aicard, a Frenchman, wrote a book on the subject in 1874 and another book in 1912. This latter work aroused great interest and even staid newspapers joined their more sensational brethren, and published long articles with pictures and diagrams under such captions as "The End of a Mystery." A careful perusal of each of these works only gives the details of discovery and does not lead to any definite conclusion other than that the hand contained an apple. An examination of a score of other works gives equally unpromising result—so we come to a great blank wall of mystery. Beautiful, fascinating, troublesome marble woman! What were you doing with your arms—when you had them?—*A.A. Hopkins.*

"ARMS AND THE WOMAN"—THREE SOLUTIONS OF THE QUESTION

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE ARAB THRONE

AN American woman is the power behind the throne in a country where a woman does not count for much. She is Mrs. Anna L. Fisher, formerly of New York and California, now unofficial ruler of the Arab Kingdom of Syria which was created by the Allies as the result of the World War.

Mrs. Fisher is King Feisal's chief advisor; he has said that hers is the last word in affairs of state. Officially, Mrs. Fisher is a Captain in the Arab army, the first of her sex to hold such a post in a Mohammedan military force. Women are held to be of little importance in the Mohammedan scheme of things.

When the World War first set the nations of Europe at one another's throats, Mrs. Fisher joined the Red Cross for service in Armenia. She did relief work. So long as the United States was neutral, her American citizenship protected her, but, when American troops went across the Atlantic, her position became a dangerous one. Although the United States was not formally at war with Turkey, the Turks were dominated by Germany and hostile to America's allies. Mrs. Fisher's work earned her the goodwill of both Turk and Armenian and she was not harmed. The next military change put Armenia in the hands of Emir Feisal and his Arab army. Mrs. Fisher came into contact, for the first time, with the people she was later to rule.

CAPTAIN ANNA L. FISHER

The Arabs and the Arab national hopes fascinated Mrs. Fisher. She gave up home and companions in the United States and cast her fortunes with the Feisal cause, determined to devote her life to the advancement of her adopted people. When the Emir created the Syrian kingdom and declared himself king, he found in Mrs. Fisher an aide of force and dominating personality; he enlisted her services.

When the French forces moved on Damascus, Mrs. Fisher saved the city from the horrors of bombardment. She advised Feisal to surrender his capital and submit his claim to it to the League of Nations. The King and his forces withdrew to the hills, leaving Mrs. Fisher, the controlling force in Feisal government, in charge of affairs at the capital.

With Damascus filled with French troops and Feisal's claims awaiting the consideration of the League of Nations, Mrs. Fisher turned her efforts to building up the economic structure of the new country. During Feisal's active reign Mrs. Fisher had been head of all social service work; she organized schools where orphan children were taught to make clothes, caused an edict to be issued prohibiting Arab women from wearing European clothes, and encouraged native embroidering, weaving, rug and carpet making.

Administration of government affairs is in the hands of the French, so Captain Fisher's activities are now limited almost entirely to social service work for which her early Red Cross work has trained her.

Captain Fisher has been allowed to retain charge of the Syrian Orphanage where she has 600 wards. Whether or not Damascus is returned to Feisal or the new kingdom stands or falls, Mrs. Fisher will remain in the Near East and continue her work among the Arabs, she has announced. And, while the League considers Feisal's claims, this American woman, whose previous executive experience was confined to running a home, shapes the destiny of a people who had civilization when her undiscovered country was populated by savages.

AKING THE CANDLE WORTH THE GAME

HE making of hand made, decorated candles—virtually a lost art—has been revived in the United States. rl Walters, a Western artist who came New York city to seek fame with paint ush and canvas, has remained to manu-cture candles orthy of the autiful candle-cks and sconces ought to Amer- by the old-orld pioneers.

In Colonial ys, the Ameri- house-wife ade her own ndles, or, if she ed in the larger ties, obtained em from the ndlemaker. ttle or no at-ntion was given e candle; it s for lighting rposes only. Then came lamps, gas, d electric light. The candle passed m the average American home, but re-ained in many as a decoration. In re-nt years the use of the candle as a deco-tion has grown steadily. The machine-ade, commercial candle cannot measure to the handicraft of the fifteenth cen-ry candlemaker.

THE CANDLE ARTIST

Wax candles were not always used rely as a source of light. The name ndle comes from the Latin *candela*, ich, in turn, came from the Latin *ndere*, to glow. The Romans knew xlights. In the Middle Ages, wax can-s were little used because of the ex-nse. Tallow dips ("rushlights") were mmonly used. The waxen tapers were ade for church and other ceremonials. ere were two guilds making candles in ris and London—the Tallowchandlers d the Waxchandlers. In the fifteenth ntury, wax became cheaper and the use wax candles was extended to the me. During this period colored and corated candles of rare artistry were ade for church and palace, particularly Venice; but little of the candlemaker's has endured because of the perishable nature of the material he worked in.

Walters started making candles as the result of a trip to Cape Cod. There he saw bayberry candles being made by hand in the manner that the Pilgrim housewives practised. He had searched the market futilely for candles that fulfilled his artistic requirements; so decided to make some himself. He found that commercial, colored and church candles were produced in large amounts in the United States; in some cases church candles were "hand-dipped"; but there were neither tools nor molds to be had in the market. The artist made several sets of equipment and wasted large amounts of wax and color before he produced candles that suited him.

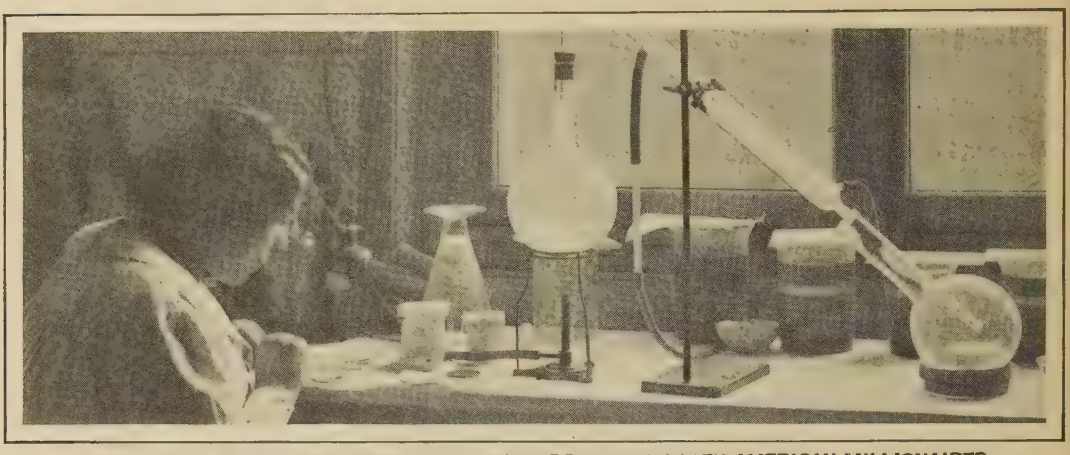
Walters first made candles for himself; then for his friends. Later, his candles became more widely known and the demand increased. It became a question as to whether he was to quit painting or candlemaking. There were effects in color that still eluded him, so he gave up painting for the time. A decorator came to him with a contract. Since then Walters has made thousands of candles.

Suggestions that he install modern machinery in his shop and speed up production draw a smile from Walters. "The hand process is the charm of the candles," he says. "If I made them by machinery in large quantities, they would lose much of their artistic merit."

In Walters' workrooms there are candles of every variety, short ones, tall ones, squat, slender, simple and ornate ones, candles of every hue and color.

Walters sells only candles that will harmonize with the sticks they are to occupy. If his shelves yield nothing, he makes the candle to fit the stick.

HER DISCOVERY MADE OTHERS RICH



MME. CURIE, WHOSE DISCOVERY HAS MADE MORE THAN A DOZEN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

IN her tumble-down laboratory near Paris, a young Polish woman sought the answer to some of the riddles of the universe. One day she discovered a new substance. She worked over large amounts of "pitch-blende," a rare mineral, and produced a very small amount of it. It glowed in the dark, so she called it "radium."

Scientists were amazed at the violence with which radium shot forth powerful rays. These rays have been found to help conquer a human scourge—cancer.

The young woman was Mme. Curie, who comes to America to receive recognition for important scientific work.

Mme. Curie is to receive something more valuable to her than honors from America. Although the first "manufacturer" of radium, she owns none. She gave it all to suffering humanity. When asked what she wanted above all things, she replied: "A gram of radium, all my own." So American women are collecting $100,000 to buy Mme. Curie the desired 15 grains.

Where other girls played with dolls, Mme. Curie played with test tubes as a child. She was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1867. Her father was a professor of physics; her mother the head of a girls' school. The little girl kept the laboratory clean and made experiments of her own.

Poland was torn with political troubles. The girl chemist's father died. There seemed no future. So Marie Sklodowska went to Paris to continue her work. She had twenty dollars a month, the income from a Swiss prize. She slept in an attic and lived on black bread and milk. At school she cleaned laboratory glassware to help earn her living.

At the Sorbonne, the great French university, a young physicist was looking for a laboratory assistant. He hired the Polish student. They worked and studied together. In 1895 they were married. They took a home outside of Paris and rode in daily on bicycles to save carfare. Mme. Curie taught in a school by day and experimented in the laboratory at night.

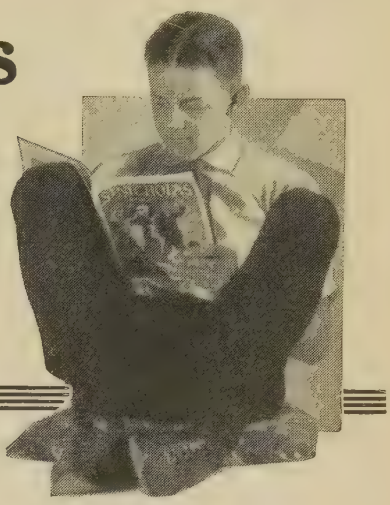
In 1898 the Curies sent to the Academy of Sciences the modest announcement that they had discovered a new substance that showed marked radioactivity. It was radium. Honors, fame, fortune, Nobel prizes followed. The couple continued their joint studies until M. Curie was run down and killed in 1906. The Sorbonne could find no one to give his lectures, so, sweeping aside its ancient rule, installed Mme. Curie as professor.

Mme. Curie divided her life into two parts. At the Sorbonne, she was one of the outstanding figures of the world of science; behind the high walls of her home she was a simple mother. She avoided honors.

The war broke out. Mme. Curie gave up her life work. With her daughter, Irene, and a few students, she went to a hospital beyond the lines. Her great knowledge of X-rays made her particularly valuable. She designed the first portable X-ray apparatus that was sent to the front. The French Government estimates that she saved 50,000 lives.

The Early 'Teens

The Critical Period in the Life of Your Boy or Girl



THE influences of these years make or mar character. Associations, pastimes, sources of information—all are vital, but perhaps the greatest of formative factors is good reading.

No one expects a healthy, normal boy or girl to avidly absorb Walter Pater's "Epicurean" or the works of Henry James. It is only natural for youth to turn to that which is red-blooded, exciting. Lacking other means to satisfy this inherent desire, it almost invariably follows that youth will obtain it in the type of reading you have reason to fear—the highly-colored, sensational literature always so easily acquired.

Every parent must meet this problem—the problem of charging helpful character-building influences with the fire of real interest. The solution of this problem is the function of

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??? WHO: WHAT: WHEN: WHY ???

***On this page we print such questions and answers selected from our daily mail as seem to have a general interest.*

Question. From what source do we get the oft-quoted line: "Stand not upon the order of thy going"? Is it in the Bible?

Answer. This line is not in the Bible, but in Shakespeare. You will find it in the banquet scene in Macbeth. Crazed by the ghosts that haunt the feast, Macbeth makes a scene that throws his guests into a panic of confusion. Lady Macbeth dismisses them with the words: "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." It is often a matter of doubt whether a quotation be Biblical or Shakespearian in origin.

Question. What is a sonnet?

Answer. A sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines, each having eight or ten syllables, properly expressing two successive phases of a single thought or sentiment—in other words, a double poem: "a picture and a reflection, a song and an echo." A sonnet was primitively a lyric sung with musical accompaniment. It is generally claimed that the sonnet originated in Sicily. It was widely cultivated in Italy during the thirteenth century, and reached its highest art in Petrarch, who was known as the "Father of the Sonnet." Shakespeare's and Wordsworth's sonnets are fine examples of that form of composition in English literature. An exquisite sonnet is "On first looking into Chapman's Homer," by John Keats. Longfellow is our most famous American sonneteer.

Question. In your article on John McCormack and the Irish Ballad, why do you make no mention of "Mother Machree," which is the most popular encore song in Mr. McCormack's repertoire?

Answer. "Mother Machree" is not a native song of Ireland. While it is Irish in melody and sentiment, the words were composed by Rida Johnson Young, an American-born writer of fiction and plays. The music was written by Ernest Ball, an American composer of popular sentimental songs. The vogue of "Mother Machree" is chiefly in this country. It was first sung in San Francisco, several years ago.

Question. What is the Aurora Borealis?

Answer. We knew that we would be asked this question sooner or later—for the world has been asking it from the beginning of time. There is no actual knowledge as to the cause and character of the Aurora—or Northern Lights, as it is sometimes called. A standard authority tells us that the irregular patches of dancing columns of light are due to electrical activity, and that "the frequency of the Aurora is supposed to be variable, over a period of about eleven years, corresponding almost exactly with that of the frequency of sun spots. For this reason, among others, it is supposed that some connection exists between the Aurora and the Sun Spots. If you turn to the standard encyclopedias you will find a lengthy description of various Auroral phenomena, but you will not get any nearer to the actual truth concerning the origin or character of the Aurora. It has baffled science for years and it has been the favorite subject of eccentric philosophers who have put forth fantastic theories about it. According to the old college story, there appears to have been one young man who *did* know what the Aurora was. He came to his astronomy class totally unprepared, and when the professor, calling on him suddenly, asked him, "What is the Aurora?" the student hesitated and answered: "I did know, but I forget." The professor raised his eyes pathetically. "What a tragic loss to science!" he exclaimed. "Here is the only man in the history of the world that has ever known what the Aurora is—and he has forgotten."

Question. Please explain the split infinitive and give examples to be avoided.

Answer. The English infinitive consists of the preposition "to" and the verb. "To regain," "to be regained," "to have regained," are all forms of the infinitive. When you place an adverb between the "to" and the other half of the infinitive you split the infinitive. "He thought he knew a way *to easily regain* the ground" is a perfect example of splitting the infinitive. "He thought he knew a way easily to regain the ground" or, "He thought he knew a way to regain the ground easily" is the way to avoid splitting the infinitive. "To be easily regained," "to have easily regained" are other examples of splitting the infinitive. It is just as ungraceful to split participles, as, "He had a gift *for successfully making* his point."

Question. Who is the author of the quotation, "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door"?

Answer. The "mousetrap quotation" has provoked a lively controversy, lasting for a number of years. Emerson did not write it, but it was attributed to him by an author who once heard Emerson give expression to the sentiment in one of his lectures. In one of Emerson's published works we find this paragraph, "If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles, or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods. And if a man knows the law, people will find it out, though he lives in a pine shanty, and resort to him. And if a man can pipe or sing, so as to wrap the prisoned soul in an elysium: or can paint landscape, and convey into oils and ochers all the enchantments of spring or autumn; or can liberate or intoxicate all people who hear him with delicious songs and verses, 'tis certain that the secret can not be kept: the first witness tells it to a second, and men go by fives and tens and fifties to his door."

The familiar quotation beginning, "If a man write a better book," has been credited erroneously to Thoreau, Elbert Hubbard, and a number of other American writers.

I put it off—*just put it off*"

Merely changing the names to protect his pride, let us tell his story in his own words.

He had written to the Institute asking for information about the Modern Business Course and Service; and our representative found him in his "office"—a box-like structure eight feet square attached to a ramshackle building which was the "works."

"ALEXANDER Hamilton Institute" he exclaimed with a pathetic smile, "Will it be any use I wonder, now that the neral is over?"

He paused a moment and then went on—

"Six years ago I clipped a coupon to send the Institute, but—I didn't send it. I ut it off . . . just put it off. I was thirty-ne then, with a flourishing business—and nsiderable property besides. Now I am rty-five and all I own is the tools out there the shop. . . . . Last week I sent in a upon—six years late. . . . .

"You know where the Emerson Store was, n't you?" he asked. "Well, I'm it. I'm e bankrupt."

"Lack of experience?" the Institute man ventured.

"On the contrary I've had a pretty broad experi-ce. I've made money as a retailer, as a salesman nd a jobber. And I know the heating and sheet-etal business as well as any man in this country—

"But I didn't know enough

"The National Homes Company built a hundred omes here during the War. I got the contract for the eating and roofing work. It was my big opportunity. ut I'd never been thoroly grounded in the funda-entals of business; I didn't understand all the under-ing currents that can carry a man forward or hurl m on the rocks.

"Rising material and labor costs got me. . . . The usiness and $18,000 is gone. . . . And so you see me ere today . . . with one man, and my tools—all that left after twenty years' work. At home it's pretty ugh."

He stopped and lighted his pipe, then his slightly ooped shoulders straightened.

"But it's not too late to begin again," he declared. And this time I'm going to start right. That's why sent in the coupon and asked you to call. . . . But hat a world of difference it would have made to me," concluded, "if I had acted on my impulse six years go, instead of putting it off!"

Opportunity can either make or destroy

Some day, you say to yourself, your opportunity ill come. And it will. It comes sooner or later to most every man, giving him the chance to do bigger ings and make larger profits than ever before.

Some men are ready. They seize their chances and tablish themselves for life. Countless other men also ize their chances—men who know enough to handle naller things but lack absolute knowledge of one or more vital departments of business. So the opportunities that should lift them overwhelm and destroy them instead.

We save years of men's lives

The Alexander Hamilton Institute was established to teach business as a profession, as law schools teach law or medical schools teach medicine.

With the help of leaders in the various departments of business—sales, accounting, factory and office management, costs, merchandising, advertising, transportation, corporation finance—its Course was prepared.

The Institute has had the privilege of helping thousands of men to reach a higher place at a younger age; to save the years that most men lose in dull routine, or in energy misapplied.

You may put it off but—

The institute *urges* no man to accept its training; it wants no man who needs to be urged to consult his own best interests It seeks only the opportunity to lay the full facts of its Modern Business Course and Service before you, leaving you to decide. The facts are contained in a 116-page book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It was this book that the man whose story is told above *meant* to send for six years ago. It will be sent without obligation.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

220 Astor Place **New York City**

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name .....
Print here
Business
Address .....

.....

Business
Position .....

Canadian address, C.P.R. Bldg, Toronto; Australian address, 8a Castlereagh St., Sydney

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THE OPEN LETTER

We are giving, in this number of The Mentor, one of a very few articles written by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore during his present visit to America. Dr. Tagore not only writes an article for us, and gives us a poem, but finds The Mentor so interesting that he sends it, with all the back numbers from the beginning, to his model school at Bolpur, India. It is a most gratifying evidence of the worth of The Mentor's simple and direct message of information.

★ ★ ★

The most complete evidence of this is the "cloud of witnesses" that we find in our daily mail. The man of affairs in the large city tells us that The Mentor is "the most profitable companion he knows for a leisure half-hour"; a shut-in invalid woman tells us that she finds it "a genuine boon"; a rancher writes of a cowboy who rides miles to get his Mentor; a high-school girl tells us that it helps her in her class work; a father tells us that it "means everything in the way of enjoyment and instruction for his children"; a farmer writes that it "makes lonesome hours worth while"; a doctor tells us that it is read eagerly by the patients in his hospital, and, after that, by "the nurses sitting under the night lamps in the corridors"; a clergyman in Georgia writes that The Mentor is "as indispensable to him as bread"; and a friend, who does not give his address so that we can thank him, voices the pleasant assurance that he is "completely sold on The Mentor and means always to take it."

★ ★ ★

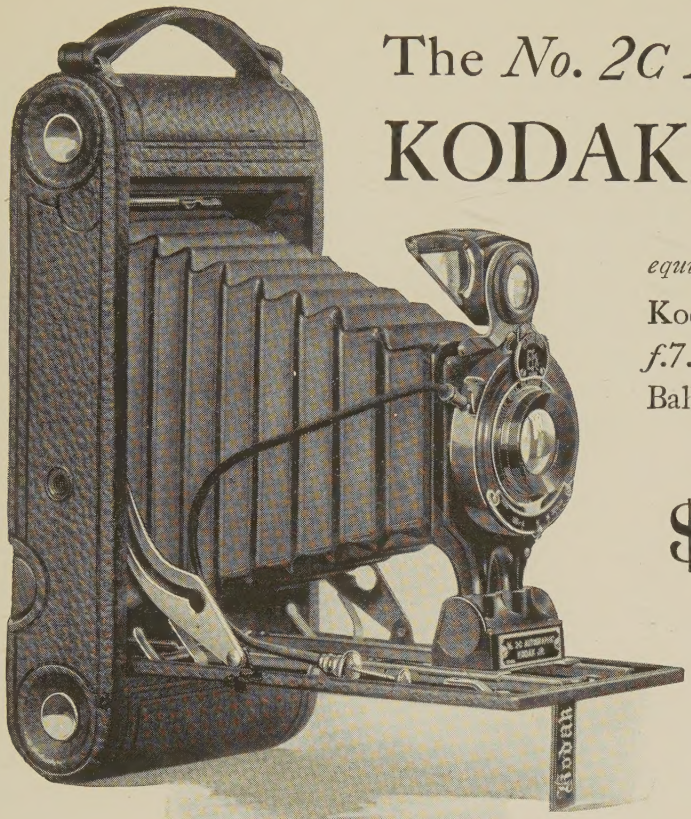
Among the letters I pick out this, from a young woman reader: "How can one get cultivated? I read the latest books, and I go to lectures in my town, and keep up with the work of my social club. Sometimes I feel that I am not getting anywhere. What is cultivation?" That appeal comes, I know, from "Main Street," Gopher Prairie, and I have been expecting it. Thousands of earnest folks are asking the same question—meantime reading the best they can find, and eagerly brushing up on all sorts of subjects in order to attain "cultivation." And the answer is so simple. Cultivation does not come by reading books alone—no, nor by simply talking about books. Cultivation means more than the mere getting of information. The habit of acquiring knowledge is most important, but it does not, in itself, cultivate one. A man may know a lot, and be worth very little to himself or to his fellow men. There is such a thing as acquiring more knowledge than one's intelligence can stand. It is not simply a matter of gathering knowledge; it is the spirit in which knowledge is gathered that counts. Cultivation implies not only an eager searching for truth, but a love of truth, and a desire to be true to one's self and others.

★ ★ ★

Take it easy then. Don't try too hard. Cultivation lies in yourself. You do not have to go far to find it. Read and observe the facts of life in a spirit of broad, sympathetic human interest. Learn to live and live to learn—above all, make it your interest to understand and enjoy all that is fine and beautiful in this wonderful world of ours, and impart some of your interest in it and knowledge of it to others. Cultivation is the fine flowering of civilization—and wherever life is simplest, sincerest, cleanest, kindest, and most aspiring in human service—*there* is the highest civilization.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR



The *No. 2C Autographic* KODAK, Junior

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$25.00

This Camera fits into a niche, all its own. The size of the picture it makes, 2⅞ x 4⅞ inches, is particularly pleasing; is almost up to the full post card size—and yet the camera itself is small, light, convenient.

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The Kodak Ball Bearing shutter has speeds of $\frac{1}{25}$, $\frac{1}{50}$ and $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second for "snapshots", has the usual time and "bulb" actions for prolonged exposures. It is an unusually reliable shutter, works smoothly and is quiet in its action.

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The price, $25.00, includes the excise war tax.

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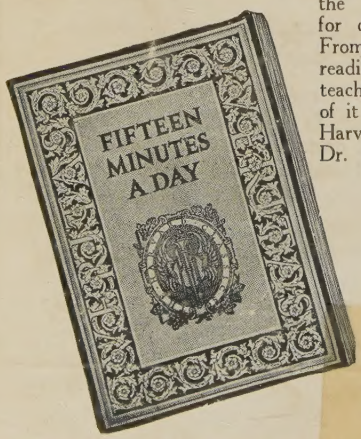

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Every reader of The Mentor is invited to send for this Free Booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

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